

## The flattering young Man and the modest Maid.

*To be Sung to the pleasant Tune of, The Duke of Florence Marc h.*

### *The young Man's Affection.*

**O**ft have I vow'd to love no one,  
but when I think on thee,  
I have no power for to give o're,  
thy Captive I must be;  
So many looks and graces dwell  
between these Lips and Eyes,  
That whosoever sees thy Face,  
must once be made a prize.  
2. Oft have I view'd thy comely parts  
from head unto the toe,  
Which makes me try in Cupids flames,  
the truth of all is so;  
For when I ly upon my Bed,  
in hopes to take my rest,  
I cannot sleep to think on thee,  
whom I in heart love best.  
3. Oft have I Kist thy Rudie Lips,  
which are more rare and sweet,  
Than Sugar and the Cinamon,  
when they together meet.  
The sweet perfumed breath of thine,  
doth such great pleasure bring,  
That when I Kifs, it makes me think  
upon another thing.  
4. Oft have I in my folded Armes  
thy lovely Corps embrac'd,  
Whereby with thy sweet Company  
my Person hath been grac'd;  
But never could I so happy be  
to have my full delight,  
To daily Court and play with thee,  
and ly with thee all night:  
5. Oft have I much desired to hear,  
thy sweet melodious voice,  
Whole sugered Notes may seem to make  
a love sick Man rejoice;  
The pretty toys, the Female joys,  
and rare conceits of thine  
Must either make a pleasant cure,  
or kill this heart of mine,  
6. Oft have I took thee by the hand,  
a bargain for to make,  
And thou did also promise me  
thou wouldst not me forsake.  
Come now dear love, perform they vows,  
and ease me of my pain;  
Or else with Cupids piercing Dart  
my Heart will soon be slain.

### *The modest Maids Reply.*

**K**ind Sir, I thank you for your love  
and proffers made to me,  
In any thing that fitting is,  
your servant I will be;  
But in some words that you have spo  
you greatly are to blame;  
Therefore leave off your fond discour  
I cannot brook the same,  
2. Your praising of me over much,  
it doth not like me well;  
For some Men will dissemble most,  
when fairest words they tell.  
Even as the silly fish is caught,  
with a deluding Bait,  
So young men think to catch poor M  
by cunning and deceit.  
3 Soft fire they say, sweet malt doth  
and some say haste makes waste,  
Some in their journey tyre them  
with running over fast:  
Strong Wines do soon inflame the Br  
sweet meats do surfeits bring,  
And young Men make fair promise  
when they mean no such thing,  
4. Oft have I heard a Proverb tol  
in which I have a share,  
Happy the Maid, who by others ha  
can learn for to beware:  
This Lessons good for all young M  
to learn and keep indeed,  
The better use they make thereof,  
the better they may speed.  
5, And now young Man I tell you t  
I tell you flat and plain:  
Except you mind to marry me,  
your labour is in vain.  
Its not the tempting looks of thine,  
nor thy inticing Tongue,  
Shall blemish the good Name of mine,  
nor do my body wrong.  
6, When as the young Man understoo  
to what the Maid was bent,  
Most kindly he saluted her,  
and so away they went,  
He liked her, she liked him.  
matters were so well carried,  
That on the morrow morning next  
they Kist and after married.

F I N I S.